

THE

DEATH OF WARREN,

A NATIONAL SONG

Written by

EPES SARGENT, ESQ.



most respectfully dedicated
TO HIS FRIEND

ABRAHAM R. THOMPSON, M.D.

of Charleston, Mass.

WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

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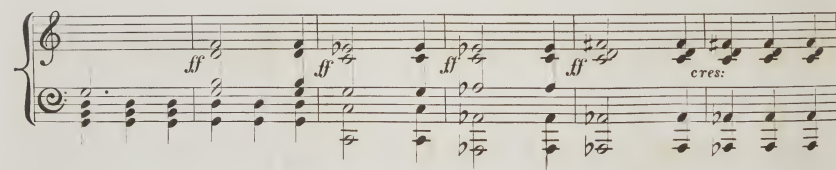
Music by **WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.**

On the day of the memorable engagement at Bunker Hill, Gen. Joseph Warren, then in the prime of life, joined the American ranks as a volunteer. "Tell me where I can be useful," said he, addressing General Putnam. "Go to the redoubt," was the reply; "you will there be covered." "I came not to be covered," returned Warren; "tell me where I shall be in the most danger; tell me where the action will be hottest." At the meeting of the Committee of Safety previous to the battle, his friends earnestly strove to dissuade him from exposing his person. "I know there is danger," said Warren, "but who does not think it sweet to die for his country?" When Col. Prescott gave the order to retreat, Warren's desperate courage forbade him to obey. He lingered the last in the redoubt, and was slowly and reluctantly retreating, when a British officer called out to him to surrender. Warren proudly turned his face to the foe, received a fatal shot in the forehead, and fell dead in the trenches.

AGITATO CON ENERGICO.

The musical score is written for piano and features a driving, rhythmic accompaniment in the bass staff. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by sharp, accented notes and rests, creating a sense of urgency and drama. The tempo marking 'AGITATO CON ENERGICO' is prominently displayed at the beginning of the first system. The score is divided into four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The bass staff accompaniment is consistent throughout, while the treble staff melody evolves through the piece. Dynamics of piano (p) and forte (f) are used to emphasize different sections of the music. The piece concludes with a final, powerful chord in the treble staff.

N. B. This song was written expressly for Mr. Dempster by Mr. Sargent.



When the war - cry of liber - ty rang through the land, To' arms sprang our



fathers, the foe to withstand. On old Bunker Hill their entrenchments they

Rall:
rear, When the arm - y is joined by a young volunteer. "Tempt not

f, *f*, *ad lib:*
death!" cried his friends; but he bade them good-bye, Saying - Oh! it is sweet for our

f, *f*, *colla voce.*

country to die," Saying - Oh! it is sweet for our country to die."

ff

The tempest of battle now ra - ges and swells, Mid the

Agitato con brio.

ff *f* *f* *ff*

thunder of cannon, the pealing of bells: And a light not of

ff *f* *f* *f*

battle il - lumes yon - der spire— Scene of wo — Scene of

f *3* *3* *3*

wo, 'tis Charlestown on fire! The young volunteer heedeth

f

rall: a tempo e dolce.

not the sad cry, But mur - murs, 'tis sweet for our

pp rall: colla voce.

rall: p

country to die!" 'tis sweet Oh! 'tis sweet for our country to

colla p voce.

p die!" *f* With trumpets and banners the foe draweth

Agitato.

p ff

near; A vol - ley of musket - ry checks their career! With the

ff

dead and the dy-ing the hill-side is strown, And the shout through our

Moderato.
line is, "the day is our own." "Not yet," cries the young volunteer, "do they

fly! Stand firm! stand firm! 'tis sweet Oh! 'tis sweet for our

country to die! 'Tis sweet oh! 'tis sweet for our country to

die!" *f* Now our powder is spent — and they rally a —

Agitato

gain; "Re-treat!" says our chief, "since un-armed we remain." But the

young volunteer lingers yet on the field, Reluctant to

fly and dis-daining to yield. A shot!

f *ff* *ff* Ped: *ff*

Adagio con molto. *pp* *rall:*

ah! ————— he falls! but his life's latest sigh — 'tis

a tempo con espressione. *rall:*

sweet, oh! 'tis sweet for our country to die!" 'tis sweet, oh! 'tis sweet for our

colla voce. *rall*

pp *ppp* *con anima.*

country to die!" And thus Warren fell! happy

ppp *ppp Adagio.* *f*

mp *rall: ad lib:*

death! noble fall! To perish for country at Liberty's call! Should the

f *colla voce.* *mp* *mf* *colla voce.*

flag of in-va-sion pro - fane ever more The blue of our seas, or the

green of our shore, May the hearts of our peo-ple re-e - cho that cry, 'Tis

sweet, oh 'tis sweet for our country to die! 'Tis sweet, oh 'tis sweet for our

country to die!"

